Erin's
Pilgrim
Bishop.

Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy.

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HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

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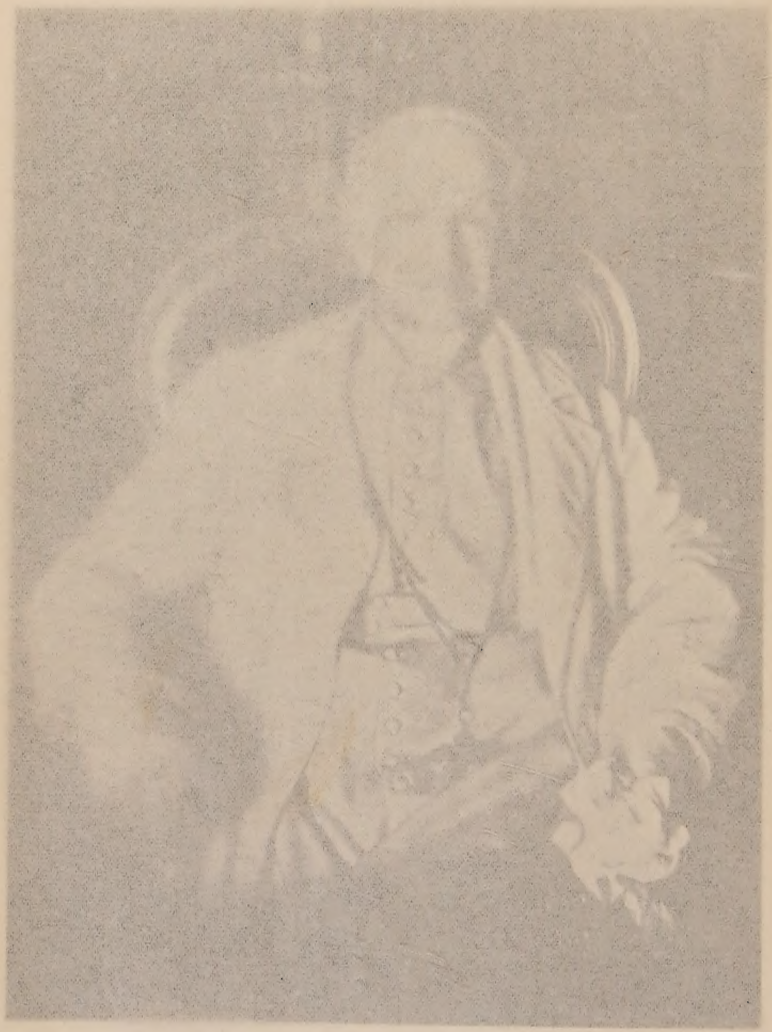
ERIN'S PILGRIM BISHOP, BLESSED THADDEUS McCARTHY.

BY THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, SAINT MARY'S OF THE WOODS, VIGO COUNTY, INDIANA.

"BEHOLD A GREAT PRELATE, WHO IN HIS DAY PLEASED GOD."—Ecclus. xliv.



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NIHIL OBSTAT:

REV. H. ALERDING,

Censor Deputatis.

IMPRIMATUR:

† FRANCIS SILAS,

Bishop of Indianapolis.

August 2, 1900.

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DEDICATORY.

"Let nations relate the wisdom of the Saints, and the Church publish their praises. Their names shall live forever."

"WE bring Thee, O Lord, the offerings of our devotion; and may they be acceptable to Thee in honor of thy saints, and by Thy mercy, available to our salvation. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

—Roman Missal.

Acc. 4422

INDEX.

Preface 5

Gratitude's Acknowledgment..... 7

Introduction 9

Chapter I—The Holy Pontiff's Address to the Irish Pilgrims..... 17

Chapter II—Biography of Blessed Thaddeus.... 21

Chapter III—Solemnities of the Beatification at Ivrea 31

Chapter IV—The Translation of the Sacred Relics, and Solemnities at Cork..... 39

Chapter V—The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan's Discourse 43

Chapter VI—Discourse by Very Rev. Dr. Keane, 61

Chapter VII—The Triumph of Yesterday—the Glory of To-day..... 81

PREFACE.

THIS short biographical Sketch of Erin's Pilgrim Bishop—Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy—has been compiled from reliable sources of information received from "Beyond the Sea." It is to be regretted that only a mere glimpse, or outline, of the intensely interesting character of Blessed Thaddeus can be given in this brief life-story. But, the "One thing necessary"—his profound sanctity heroically achieved through the "Royal Highway of the Cross"—shines forth in so brilliant a refulgency, that minor points, were they presented, would be lost to view. The sublime lessons of patience and forgiveness are so admirably exemplified in the saintly career of this Pilgrim Prelate that lengthy portrayals are not needed.

With this encouragement, the work is issued for the edification and devotion of all the faithful who claim the "Isle of Saints" as their fatherland and mother country, and among them, most especially for those who bear the name McCarthy. They certainly will greet this humble little volume with a heartfelt

CEAD MILLE FAILTHE!

Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, Jan. 18, 1900.

GRATITUDE'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

With profound respect, we wish herein to give expression to our deep gratitude for the condescension, encouragement, and permission to use the two eloquent discourses and other matter in the compilation of this little volume, most graciously accorded us by the following distinguished Churchmen:

The Most Rev. Dr. T. A. O'Callaghan, O. P.,
Lord Archbishop of Cork.

The Most Rev. Dr. R. A. Sheehan,
Lord Archbishop of Waterford.

The Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P.,
St. Mary's Priory, Cork.

The Very Rev. Dr. Macey, Salesian Dir.,
London, S. W.

To Mr. James S. McCarthy, of Cork, special grateful mention is due for procuring and generously donating the excellent photographs for the illustrations in this work.

INTRODUCTION.

He hath made a remembrance of His wonderful works.
—Ps. cxlix.

THE Biography of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, brief though it is, reads like a romance, so loyally, so royally did this youthful Pilgrim Bishop accomplish a long life-work in the short space of a few years—so faithfully, so grandly did he perform the sublime functions of the Episcopacy—so heroically and unflinchingly did he carry the Cross in the thorny path marked out by his Divine Master.

We may say of Blessed Thaddeus what has been remarked of St. John of the Cross: "His way to the summit of perfection was by pure Faith and self-renunciation." Persecuted and betrayed by the very ones who should have been his friends and supporters, Thaddeus uttered no complaint, used no power against them, like his Divine Model remained silent save only to pray pardon for them.

To a soul that seeks God alone, tribulations are coveted favors—purifying from self love, detaching from terrene affections, deepening faith and drawing the soul nearer and nearer to the one Supreme Good. "Through many tribulations we must enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Crosses are, therefore, our security. Borne with fortitude and offered with love

they purchase for us the "Pearl of great price"—a "Mansion in our Father's House."

We are, all of us, human—sharing the common heritage of a fallen race. We have, all of us, life's conflict to sustain, and it remains with us whether we increase or decrease our original weakness by yielding or resisting. Herein lies the secret of sanctity. The wise soul will rise above the weakness of nature and develop the strength that will insure, in life's combat, "patient suffering and patient love." In early boyhood Blessed Thaddeus was prepared for his conflict by the acquisition of Christian virtue and fidelity to grace. This truth is set forth in glowing terms in the brilliant eulogiums of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan and the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P. These sermons are masterpieces of Sacred Oratory, and we congratulate ourselves on having obtained permission to insert them in full in this little volume. In them it will be seen that Blessed Thaddeus was a heroic son of Mother Church. He placed his cause in the hands of Christ's Vicar, and his trust was rewarded—the verification and justification of his cause were secured before God called him to lay down his cross and take up his crown.

When we view his magnanimous fortitude, his unswerving fidelity, his dauntless confidence in the Vicar of Christ as guardian of equity and right, and his sublime Charity in the forgiveness of his enemies, we are forced to exclaim: "God is wonderful in His saints!"

CHAPTER I.

THE HOLY PONTIFF'S ADDRESS TO THE IRISH PILGRIMS.

To me, Thy friends, O God, are exceedingly honorable; their principality is exceedingly strengthened.—Ps. cxxxiii.

THE Beatification of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy is an event of much significance. Occurring in our day, it adds a new honor to the glorious Nineteenth Century—a new gem to the crown of Erin. The Holy Pontiff, Leo Thirteenth, the "Lumen in Coelo," of the Apostolic Succession, has therein manifested a paternal affection for Ireland, and a deep appreciation of the strong faith, fervent piety, and profound learning of her people. The Holy Father has given expression to these sentiments on many other occasions, notably in an address to the Irish Pilgrims in 1898—His Holiness then said:

"My children, I welcome you from my heart. I am the Father of the Faithful and you are the best beloved of my children. You come to me from the most Catholic country in the world—a country that has suffered fearlessly, cheerfully, persecution, imprisonment and death for the Faith's sake. Yours is a peculiar faith. This faith that was planted in your country by the blessed Apostle, St. Patrick, it is impossible to eradicate. Not only has Ireland retained, but she has spread the Faith over the Old

World and the New; she has given priests and prelates to the Church in Europe and America. Therefore, from the depths of my heart, and with all the power God has given me, I bless you, my faithful children."

And we congratulate ourselves on being able to add another most touching tribute of our Holy Father to a still more recent band of Irish Pilgrims—Dec. 1900. It is given in the following, quoted from "The Union," and presented in "The New World:"

"Irlanda, Irlanda, cara Irlanda, semper fidelis;" "Ireland, Ireland, dear Ireland, ever faithful." "These words fell from the fatherly lips of Leo XIII. as his eyes rested upon the Irish Pilgrims who recently visited Rome to renew the allegiance of themselves and their country to the Holy See. One correspondent refers to the 'caressing' tone of the Holy Father's voice as he spoke to his children from Erin. Well, indeed, O beloved, illustrious and venerable Pontiff might your sweet, musical voice have softened for those Irish sons and daughters that were gathered around your Sacred Person. In all the world you have no more devoted adherents—none who would do, or suffer, more for you, * * * or more gladly lay down their lives for the cause in which you are the Great Leader."

Cardinal Manning pays to our beloved Erin so beautiful and justly merited a tribute that we quote it also: "A narrow channel of sea divides us from a people who speak the same tongue, who are of the

same family with us, who are our fellow countrymen, who are our brothers. There, since St. Patrick preached, the light of faith has never been extinguished. Belief in Jesus Christ and the Sacrament of the Altar, and the love of the Holy Mass, have never failed; love and piety towards His Immaculate Mother has never been chilled. Upon the mountains, out in the morasses, in the cold of winter, in all manner of suffering, the faithful people of Ireland have preserved the tradition of piety, which among us has grown so cold and dim."

Glancing at the spread of Christianity throughout the world, we are forcibly struck with the fact that Ireland is the only country where it was received without force or bloodshed, so well prepared was the Celtic heart for the pure principles of the one true Faith. There it grew and flourished and bore fruit a thousand times a hundred fold. And, be it said to the honor and glory of the "Isle of Saints," that an error of Faith has never arisen among her people. St. Patrick obtained this grace—

"With his holy hands uplifted,
And his glances raised on high,
While the clouds above him drifted,
Darkly o'er the midnight sky,
Prayed the Saint, till dawn of day,
As a Saint alone can pray:
'May she, e'en though woes endure,
Keep thy Faith undimmed and pure!' "
—"Marie."

The great Apostle's prayer has been munificently rewarded:

"Thro' woes that long endure,
She has kept her Faith
Undimmed and pure."

And more; not a century has passed that she has not added new names to the Calendar of Saints; nor have her zealous labors been confined to her own land. It has been ordained by Divine Providence,

That o'er the world's broad face
Hibernia's exile should become
An Apostolic race;
That from her persecuted Isle,
As from a school divine,
Evangelists should issue forth,
And cause the truth to shine
In other lands, lest distance lose
The links that bind to Rome—
That centre of the one true Faith,
That gives the heart a home.

The histories of many foreign countries still testify to the joy experienced when, for the first time, the inhabitants heard the words of truth from the lips of an Irish Pilgrim. Now, again, in a fair city beyond the Alps, the people are rejoicing that the "Honors of the Altar" have been conferred on an Irish Pilgrim Bishop, who years ago was called to his eternal rest from a Hospice in their city of Ivrea, and this Irish Pilgrim Bishop is Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy.

BLESSED THADDEUS McCARTHY.

CHAPTER II.

BIOGRAPHY OF BLESSED THADDEUS.

Let them exalt him in the Church of the people; and praise him in the choir of the ancients.—Ps. cxvi.

BLESSED THADDEUS MCCARTHY was born in Ireland in the year 1455. The exact locality and date of his birth were lost in the destructive ravages of the following turbulent period. But fortunately for us, enough remains of his authentic history to claim our profound veneration, and to place him in his well-merited niche of glory—the Calendar of the Saints.

His father was Lord of Muskerry and his mother was the daughter of Fitz Maurice, Lord of Kerry. Thaddeus was, therefore, a direct lineal descendant of King Cormac. Blarney Castle, Kilcrea Abbey, and many monasteries and churches, monuments to the good King Cormac, still attest that Munster was the province of the McCarthy sept. King Cormac was a disciple of the renowned St. Malachy.

Great expectations and bright prospects must certainly have clustered around the cradle of the infant boy claiming so royal an ancestry. The brilliant hopes were realized, but not according to the

ways of the world. His honors were humiliations; his riches, poverty; his pleasures, sufferings. Little did the proud father and fond mother think as they held their darling over the Regenerating Font, and heard the Apostolic name—Thaddeus—pronounced as he—their child—was sealed with the seal of Faith, that he was to drink the chalice of the Apostles, and follow his Divine Master in the "Royal highway of the Cross"—that with the sacred joys of the Priesthood and the honors of the Episcopacy, he was to wear the thorny crown prepared for the chosen of Christ. In his call to the Prelacy we distinctly hear: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake."—Acts ix. But—"I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee."—Heb. xiii.

His mother, an admirable Christian woman—like Blanche of Castile—made it her constant endeavor to train his young mind and heart to the love of honor, truth, and piety. She impressed upon him from his tenderest years, that true nobility and dignity consist more in the practice of virtue than in prowess, or feat of arms, then the absorbing ambition of young noblemen.

How well he responded to her truly Christian aspirations may be seen in his heroic career. We have no available record as to where Thaddeus received the rudiments of his education. But from the fact that his ancestors had endowed famous seats of learn-

ing such as Kilcrea, Timoleague and Ballimacadane, it is safe to surmise that his first years of study were spent in one or other of these institutions. In any event, his advancement in secular and religious science was extraordinary; and this circumstance suggests the probability of his having visited some of the noted universities of the Continent. A strong sympathy existed at this time between Ireland and France, and constant communication was carried on between these two countries. Moreover, a maternal kinsman occupied a chair in the University of Paris, and we may, therefore, naturally suppose that Thaddeus shared the advantages of this renowned institution.

We can readily imagine the exemplary and edifying life of Thaddeus as a student—his beautiful piety keeping ever in advance of his extraordinary learning. Though the days of a scholastic are usually monotonous in their inflexible routine, yet, we see around our young Levite a golden glow, "fanned by the Spirit which breathes where it listeth," which gives a fascinating charm to the otherwise uneventful period of Seminary life. And those peaceful, happy days of prayer and study—study and prayer—strengthening his mind and heart for the heroic virtue he was afterwards to practice in so magnanimous a degree, and preparing him so eminently for the reception of the sublime Sacrament of Holy Orders.

In 1479, having reached his twenty-fourth year, he was ordained to the Priesthood by Bishop Purcell of Ross. We now behold him for a few years fulfilling faithfully and zealously the functions of his sacred office, a model priest, "thinking and feeling with the great soul of the Church, having the thought which was in Christ Jesus," and daily saying with the Psalmist: "I will take the Chalice of Salvation: and I will call upon the name of the Lord."

The See of Ross becoming vacant in 1482, Pope Sixtus IV. elevated Thaddeus to this Episcopate. He was consecrated in Rome on the 3rd of May, the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross—a circumstance which seemed in his case almost prophetical. His Cross was found. He had not reached the canonical age, thirty years, he was only twenty-seven, and this irregularity—assuredly without fault on either the part of Thaddeus or the Holy Father—became the Cross which sanctified him. It was used against him, arousing strife and hatred, cunning, artifice and calumny. But what matter: there can be nothing better than to suffer innocently—to enter into the very heart of Christ's sufferings. "When the grape is bruised and crushed, it gives out wine. When the olive is pressed it gives out oil." So, under the press of persecution will the virtues of the young Bishop shed forth a celestial aroma.

Blessed Thaddeus.

For six years Bishop McCarthy presided over his flock in peace, but a storm arose bringing a long series of trials, during which, he manifested a calm, meek, patient longanimity that surprised even his enemies—his wonderful abilities and great sanctity shining brighter in his adversity than in his prosperity.

The sea of civil turmoil which at this time deluged England—consequent to the rival claims of the House of York and the House of Lancaster—affected likewise the people of Ireland. Thaddeus' father, Lord of Muskerry, was in sympathy with the Lancastrians, the whole sept, McCarthy, having espoused that cause. A bitter animosity was thus aroused, and the fact of an adherent of the Lancastrians swaying the Crosier of the Diocese of Ross, excited the jealous antagonism of the party favoring the House of York. The partisans of the Yorkists, therefore, determined to expel Thaddeus from his See. They accordingly seized the temporalities of the church, and thwarted the administration of the Bishop in every possible way. Dark rumors were set afloat, and infamous intrigue resorted to with so much pertinacity and success that in July, or August, 1488, Innocent VIII., who had been misinformed, issued a sentence of deposition and excommunication against Thaddeus, declaring him an intruder into the See of Ross—his age being uncanonical.

We may here marvel at the stupendous blow thus given to the innocent heart of the faithful Bishop; and we may also marvel at the magnanimous patience manifested by the young Prelate throughout the trying ordeal. Though perfectly conscious of his innocence, he did not utter a word of complaint; on the contrary, after the example of his Divine Master, he prayed for those who had injured him. Placing the whole matter in the hands of God, he left the shores of Ireland and betook himself to Rome. There, at the feet of Christ's Vicar, he stated his case. Nor was he disappointed. The Holy Father, seeing his innocence and the foul intrigue of his enemies, removed all censure and reinstated him in all his former rights. "Lord, Thou hast proved me, and known me." "My path and my line Thou hast searched out."—Ps. cxxxviii. "I have been delighted in the way of Thy testimonies."—Ps. cxviii.

Two years later, the Holy Pontiff, gave a higher vindication of the innocence and sanctity of Blessed Thaddeus, by appointing him to the important See of Cork and Cloyne which had become vacant by the resignation of the Lord Bishop Roche.

But this new honor became a new source of suffering. His old enemies, anticipating, as it were, his ecclesiastical preferment, had forcibly possessed themselves of the temporalities of this See, as they had done that of Ross, and closed the doors of the

Cathedral against him. Again he visited Rome. The Sovereign Pontiff, Innocent VIII. received him with open arms, and endeavored, in every manner possible to redress his new wrongs. He issued a brief requiring the usurpers to relinquish the property they had so unlawfully appropriated to themselves; and to this effect he enlisted the aid of the Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and other personages of influence and power. Thus supported and encouraged, Blessed Thaddeus set out on his return journey to the land of his birth—the land he was never again to behold. In order to secure God's help and blessing, he determined to make a pilgrimage to the various shrines of devotion. He therefore assumed the pilgrim's garb and started out on his penitential way. On the evening of the 23rd of October, 1492, he reached Ivrea, that Piedmontese City whose streets centuries before —in 431—had re-echoed the steps of a greater than Thaddeus, the glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, en route to Rome to receive from Christ's vicar, commission to preach Christianity in Ireland. St. Malachy too had honored this city with his presence. Verily then, Ivrea, that "fair Italian City" was an appropriate place for the sojourn of an Irish Bishop. And here Thaddeus worn and exhausted by travel and fasting, footsore and weary, begged a night's lodging at a Hospice of St. Bernard. The good Monks ministered to his wants with their usual charity; and he retired

to the mendicant's couch to take his much needed repose. "In peace in the selfsame, I will sleep, and I will rest: for Thou, O Lord, hast singularly settled me in hope."—Ps. iv.

This was his last sleep; ere the morning's sun had beamed upon the world, his precious soul had taken flight to its Maker. Truly this was a sublime closing to a sublime life. When the attendant made his morning rounds he found Blessed Thaddeus calmly resting in death—a brilliant halo of light shone round his humble pallet and a most exquisite fragrance filled the lowly cell. All the Monks in holy awe witnessed the supernatural scene. The Bishop of Ivrea was called. He had been prepared by a miraculous manifestation, at early dawn, of a Bishop in shining robes ascending to Heaven. He came and opening the Pilgrim's wallet found the interpretation of his vision—the Episcopal Ring, Pectoral Cross and the Papal Bull, or Decree of the appointment to the See of Cork and Cloyne. The Bishop in an ecstasy of joy exclaimed: "Who will ring the Cathedral bells?" and lo! at that instant —though the Cathedral was five miles distant—the bells, with no hand to ring them, chimed out in jubilant melody. "He is a saint! He is a saint!" exclaimed every voice. "I say to you that if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out."—Luke xix, 40.

Thaddeus was now robed in royal Episcopal vestments and carried in magnificent procession to the Cathedral and there placed under the High Altar —the chosen patron of Ivrea. Through the long space of four hundred years the people of that city have preserved his memory in sacred reverence. Many wonderful miracles have been wrought at his tomb, thus attesting the sanctity of the Irish Pilgrim Bishop, and rewarding the faith of his devoted clients.

In 1742 his tomb was opened, and his body was found to have undergone no change. Rejected in life he has thus been supernaturally honored in death. "The heavens shall confess Thy wonders, O Lord!"

MOST REV. DR. O'CALLAGHAN, O. P., LORD BISHOP OF CORK.

CHAPTER III.

SOLEMNITIES OF THE BEATIFICATION AT IVREA.

Thou hast set, O, Lord, on his head a crown of precious stones.—Ps. xx. And a crown of Gold upon his mitre wherein was engraved Holiness, an ornament of honor.
—Ecclus. xiv.

THE Church has set her seal to the Sanctity of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy. She has placed upon "his head a crown of precious stones." "And a crown of gold upon his mitre wherein was engraved Holiness." Again has Christ's Vicar honored him. On the 26th of August, 1895, the Holy Pontiff, Leo XIII., confirmed the Decree of his Beatification with Mass and Office for his festival. The solemnities which marked the celebration of this glorious event in Ivrea almost baffle description.

The 12th, 13th, and 14th of September, 1896, were appointed for the Beatification festivities at Ivrea. A grander and holier manifestation of love and devotion and spiritual enthusiasm has never been presented. And this honor accorded an exile in a foreign country gives the glorious event an impressive significance. The Prelates, Clergy, and faithful cannot be too highly commended for their fidelity to Mother Church in thus honoring an exile Bishop. But in God's Church there is no nationality. The

law of Charity is our bond of union in Christ. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one for another."—John xiii.

Hundreds of distinguished Prelates and Clergymen from all over the Continent participated in the religious ceremonies. Among those from Ireland we must give special mention to the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan of Cork, and the Lord Archbishops and Bishops of Ross, Cloyne and Southwark.

We shall here give excerpts from "The Salesian Bulletin." The distinguished visitors arrived at Turin on Friday morning, September 11th. They were royally received by His Grace, Dr. Riccardi. Mass was celebrated in the Salesian Church—Mary, Help of Christians. The same evening, in company with His Grace, Dr. Riccardi, and other Italian Bishops, they set out for Ivrea. On arriving there an enthusiastic reception was accorded them by an immense concourse of people who thronged the square outside the station. The visitors were at once conducted to carriages, and, preceded by the civic band, were taken to the Cathedral. The city was *en fete*. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, appropriate decorations lent beauty to every wall and tower; and the Cathedral bells pealed forth a joyous welcome. The entire population had turned out, but all was orderly, respectful and reverential. The carriages at length drew up before the Cathedral and the visitors

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were most graciously received by the Right Rev. Dr. Richelmy, Bishop of Ivrea, the Superior General of the Salesians, and the Canons of the Cathedral Chapter. Entering the Duomo, they passed up the nave to the High Altar, and after a few moments' prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, Dr. Riccardi, Archbishop of Turin ascended the pulpit, and, in an eloquent discourse, welcomed the visitors, especially the successors of Blessed Thaddeus, referring happily to the glorious line of Saints and Martyrs which Ireland had given to the Church. At the conclusion of the discourse the Prelates went to the shrine of Blessed Thaddeus to venerate the sacred relics. Immediately after they proceeded to the Episcopal palace where they were accorded a magnificent reception—the various civil officials taking part therein.

Saturday morning, September 12th, the sacred functions began. At ten o'clock the Archbishops and Bishops in Mitre and Cope, and the Priests in Cotta, emerged from the Episcopal palace, and proceeded in Ecclesiastical rank, to the Cathedral. As the imposing cortege entered the Church the great organ pealed forth its soul-stirring notes. When all had reached their respective places in the sanctuary, His Lordship, Dr. Manacorda, Bishop of Fossano, began the Pontifical High Mass. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle du Sacre-Coeur" was rendered by the boys' choir of the Salesian Oratory of Turin, united with

the choir of the Seminary of Ivrea. The fine interpretation of this masterpiece of Gounod responded admirably to the religious solemnity of the occasion. The Bishop of Saluzzo delivered the panegyric of the Saint in a sermon of wonderful power and pathos.

After Mass a banquet was given in the Bishop's palace, to a large number of guests. In the afternoon solemn Vespers, followed by Benediction of the most Holy Sacrament. The music by the united choirs was superb. In the evening the whole city was brilliantly illuminated; and orchestral music and a magnificent display of pyrotechnics gave expression to the exultant joy.

On the following day, Sunday, at early dawn crowds of fervent people were thronging to the Cathedral to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, offered that morning on many Altars, and in continuous succession until noon. Line after line of devout communicants knelt at the Altar rails to receive the Bread of Angels in thanksgiving for the grace bestowed upon their city. The shrine of Blessed Thaddeus, beautifully decorated with exquisite flowers, and resplendent with a thousand lights, was the special object of veneration. At seven o'clock His Lordship, Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, celebrated Mass at the Altar of the shrine. Here especially, the number of communicants was beyond counting. The pious recipients doubtless deemed it a great privilege

to receive their Divine Lord from the hands of an Irish Bishop, successor of the Pilgrim Saint.

An impressive event took place that morning: an Irish member of the Salesian Society of the same name as the Saint received Holy Orders.

The Pontifical High Mass had been announced for ten o'clock, but long before that hour every available place in the vast Cathedral was occupied; in fact so large was the assemblage that it overflowed from the Church into the piazza and side approaches. The Pontifical Mass was sung by His Grace, Dr. T. O'Callaghan, successor of Blessed Thaddeus in the See of Cork. The Introit, Gradual, Offertory and Communion were rendered in the ever solemn and impressive Gregorian Chant. Seldom has been heard under more favorable circumstances, that choral harmony which the Church has reserved for herself, and which, when properly executed, produces an inspiring influence on the souls of the listeners. The Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, from the Mass of St. Cecilia, by Gounod, were rendered with exquisite grace and finish. After Mass the Archbishop of Turin delivered an eloquent sermon, in which he vividly pictured the life of Blessed Thaddeus, and exhorted his hearers to imitate the admirable patience and humility of the Pilgrim Saint.

After the Church services were over the guests repaired to the Bishop's palace, where another ban-

quet was prepared, over one hundred and fifty visitors partaking. Dr. Richelmy, Bishop of Ivrea, in proposing the toast, "Our Guests From Over the Sea," enlarged with generous ardor upon the claims which Erin's sons had to be among them. He referred in felicitous terms to the close connection that had existed from days of old between Ireland and Ivrea, and the present renewal of historic association. He thanked the Irish guests for coming to the shrine of their Saint and hoped it would cement more and more the union between the two places. He then spoke in terms of highest praise of the Postulator of the cause of the Blessed Thaddeus, Monsignor Antonini, who was also present at the banquet, for the dispatch with which he had secured the Beatification. Dr. O'Callaghan, Archbishop of Cork, responded fluently and feelingly in Italian to the brilliant tribute of Dr. Richelmy, saying that it was with sincere gratitude he tendered thanks, in behalf of himself and the other Irish visitors, to Dr. Richelmy, his Clergy and people, for the very cordial welcome accorded them. They had come from Ireland with the deepest sense of their close union with the Italian people—a union rendered indissoluble by the one true faith which holds so many hearts together. He concluded by a touchingly grateful address to Monsignor Antonini, thanking him and all who had taken part in the Beatification of one of Ireland's sainted Prelates.

Other speakers arose, toast followed toast, many themes were touched upon, the resident Clergy tendering many glowing tributes to their guests. The Salesian Institute Band furnished the music, playing during the dinner on the palace grounds.

At three o'clock solemn Pontifical Vespers, the Bishop of Cloyne officiating. The Church was again crowded to excess. The Sacred Relics of Blessed Thaddeus were carried in an imposing procession, the sodalities, guilds and confraternities of Ivrea and all the neighboring parishes taking part. Hymns and litanies were chanted and the Salesian orchestra rendered devotional music at intervals. On returning to the Cathedral, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the High Altar, and the Te Deum solemnly sung by the immense multitude that thronged the Cathedral and piazza. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament having been given from the High Altar, the Bishop of Ross, taking the Sacred Host to the main entrance of the Cathedral, imparted Benediction to the kneeling multitude in the piazza. It was a spectacle of faith that moved many to tears.

The day's proceedings closed with an open air entertainment in honor of Blessed Thaddeus, given on the grounds of the Irish college. This college is near the spot where Blessed Thaddeus died. It was founded in 1892 by the Salesian Fathers in honor of the fourth centenary of the Saint's death.

An attractive program, literary and musical, was faultlessly carried out. The grounds were beautifully decorated and brilliantly illuminated. The names "Thaddeus" and "Ireland" were formed of colored lamps and surrounded by luminous devices of various artistic designs.

The following day, Monday, the 14th of September, there was a repetition of the religious solemnities and festivities of Sunday. The solemn triduum was brought to a close Monday evening, the whole city being again illuminated. On Tuesday, September 15th, the distinguished visitors left Ivrea for their respective destinations, taking with them many sweet and sacred memories of that "fair city beyond the Alps" that had centuries before given so peaceful and glorious a resting place to a poor exiled Brother Prelate—Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy.

It was on this auspicious occasion that His Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan obtained the Sacred Relics of Blessed Thaddeus for his Cathedral at Cork. They were placed in the Chapel at Farranferris, awaiting the solemn translation to the Cathedral.

"They have conducted me and brought me unto Thy holy mountain and into Thy tabernacles."—Ps. xlii.

MOST REV. DR. BROWNE, LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRANSLATION OF THE SACRED RELICS, AND SOLEMNITIES AT CORK.

With joy and gladness shall they be brought: they shall be led into the temple of the king.—Ps. xliv.

BLESSED THADDEUS has returned in glory and triumph, with "a diadem of glory upon his head." He has taken possession of a See which shall be his forever. "The Lord hath done great things for us: we are become very joyful."—Ps. cxxv. "Let them praise his name in the choir: let them sing unto him with timbrel and psaltery."—Ps. cxlix.

The solemn inauguration of the long exiled Bishop took place on the 12th of September 1897. Here we shall quote from the "Irish Catholic," and "The Weekly Examiner," as no language of ours could so beautifully and so vividly portray the splendid celebration:—"A magnificent event beyond the wildest dreams of its best well wishers, and glorious in its pageantry, and solemn in its impressiveness, was the religious function in Cork to-day. The occasion was the translation of the Relics of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy from Farranferris College Chapel to the Cathedral of Cork.

"All nature seemed in unison with the desire of the people to add brilliancy to the sacred function. A bright, warm sun shone out since early morning, in a burst of uninterrupted refulgent glory, imparting varied hues to the animated surroundings.

"At nine o'clock the magnificent procession commenced forming, and by ten o'clock the whole route from the very door of the pretty little chapel at Farranferris to the entrance of the Cathedral, was lined with the members of the various Catholic societies who acted as guards of honor. It was a grand and glorious spectacle. There have been many ceremonies of a public nature that were gigantic in size and striking in effect, but none, in memory breathing as deep a sense of religious enthusiasm as this. Here were gathered representatives of every local Catholic community united in one common bond, firmly cemented in the great feeling of respect and veneration, filling the hearts of the faithful on this hallowed occasion. On tree and hill and every grassy knoll were groups of eager spectators.

"At precisely eleven o'clock the solemn procession commenced moving. Respectful silence was observed as the Christian pageant wended its way, whilst the following program of sacred music was rendered: 'Gloria' and 'Dona Nobis' from Mozart's Twelfth Mass; 'Benedictus' from Hayden's Imperial Mass; and the hymns, 'Ecce Sacerdos,' and 'Lauda

Sion.' The music was superb—in full harmony with the religious spirit of the never-to-be-forgotten day. The sacred orchestra and choirs were under the management of the Christian Brothers.

"The sacred casket containing the treasured Relics was borne on the shoulders of four Canons, under a magnificent canopy.

"From every wall and window and house-top floated banners and festoons, while in places the abundance of laurel and evergreen shut out from view all traces of prosaic background."

When the Sacred Relics of Blessed Thaddeus passed, the assembled multitude knelt in silent devotion. At every turn the procession took, en route to the Cathedral, were noticed evidences of the high and noble spirit of Catholicity that prompts every action of our Christian people. On reaching the Cathedral, the Orders heading the procession drew up on each side of the area and allowed the Canons bearing the Sacred Relics to enter first, then followed the Prelates and Clergy.

The casket containing the precious Relics is composed of finest glass bound with gold and supported by two cherubs on solid gold pedestals, the whole resting on an exquisitely finished tablature covered with snow white drapery artistically woven for the occasion by the Sisters of Charity.

After the Relics were placed under the Altar Solemn High Mass was commenced by the Most Reverend Dr. O'Callaghan, Archbishop of Cork. The sermon, a masterpiece of sacred oratory, was delivered by the Most Reverend Dr. Sheehan, Archbishop of Waterford.

At the evening services the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P., delivered a most eloquent and impressive eulogium of the newly Beatified Prelate of Erin.

Both sermons are here given. Each contains a glowing panegyric, and a most intensely interesting biography of Blessed Thaddeus.

MOST REV. DR. SHEEHAN, LORD BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

CHAPTER V.

THE MOST REV. DR. SHEEHAN'S DISCOURSE.

MOST REV. DR. SHEEHAN took as his text—"In all things we suffer tribulation, but are not distressed. We are straitened, but are not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down, but we perish not; always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies. For all things are for your sakes; that the grace abounding through many, may abound in thanksgiving unto the glory of God. For which cause we faint not, but though our outward man is corrupted, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For that which is at present momentary and light of our tribulation, worketh for us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." —2 Cor. iv, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 18. He said —My Lords, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and Dearly Beloved Brethren, the fate of every earnest laborer in the Christian ministry since the beginning has been emphatically one of suffering. It was hard, no doubt, for the Apostles while they were yet

men of mere flesh and blood to understand why they had been marked out for special trials. They had abandoned all things—home and family and friends—to throw in their lot with Christ, and if He was what they believed Him to be, what He had shown Himself many a time to be to others who deserved no special favor at His hands—full of compassion for everyone's sorrow—they might naturally have expected that he would not deny them, His friends, that measure of earthly happiness which He willingly bestowed on the unbelieving Gentile and the schismatic Samaritan. The fact is that they knew as little of the suffering that was in store for them in the near future as they did of the ultimate triumph that was to mark at the same time their justification and their reward. They did not, because they could not expect that the scribe and the pharisee would refrain from speaking ill of them any more than they had refrained from speaking ill of their Divine Master, and they probably looked forward to a time when they would be disowned by their countrymen, and excluded from the synagogue for their fidelity to the Prophet who was rejected by their priests. But the dread of immediate injury would have been swallowed up for them in the certain expectation which was at this period uppermost in their minds, that the day was not far distant when He would restore the kingdom of Israel, and taking His seat on the Throne of David, His father, make

them His viceroys to rule His people, and secure for their names a place second only to His own in the brilliant history of the new Judah. We know how far differently things turned out for them—how they were to drink, to the very last moment of their lives, of their Master's cup of sorrow—how they toiled incessantly amongst hostile people, and found not seldom enemies among their own, and in the end, almost to a man, they met a cruel or an ignominious death, or both, at the hands of those whom they had given their lives to save. But we know, too, that whatever may have been their views and feelings for the three years that immediately succeeded their calling, no sooner had the Spirit of God descended on them at Pentecost than they abandoned once and forever all their dreams of human glory. They were filled at the same moment with an utter contempt for the worst their enemies, or rather the enemies of the Gospel they preached, could do against them, and when the hour of their trial came they only rejoiced because they were deemed worthy to suffer insult and death for the name of Jesus. Those who were sent to curse came like Balaam to bless, and, if they only knew it, their most earnest prayer for each and every one amongst them would have been with him, "May my soul die the death of the just, and may my last end be like theirs." We know from the history of the early Church, as it is given in the New Testament,

that those who succeeded to the Apostolate of the Twelve succeeded to the heritage of suffering also. Suffering became, indeed, their badge. We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of St. Paul. When our Divine Lord would convey to Ananias that Saul, the persecutor of the Christians, was being called to be a Saint and an Apostle, "a vessel of election to carry My Name before the Gentiles and Kings and the children of Israel," this was the proof:—"I will show him what great things he must suffer for My Name's sake," and so too, when St. Paul himself found it necessary many years afterwards to establish a claim of equity with those who were in the very front rank of the Apostles, he pointed in the first place to the patience with which through God's grace he had borne his sufferings; and in the second, to the signs and wonders and mighty deeds he had wrought.

We hold to-day, my brethren, the commemoration of a life that was truly Apostolic. He, and certainly we, are not without good reason for thinking that our Divine Lord, who has left us a memorable as well as a touching proof of His love for His own country and people will bless us while we are assembled here celebrating with something more than ordinary devotion the feast of one who was of our own kith and kin, the Bishop of a diocese, of which every Corkman is proud. Blessed Thaddeus was born in 1455. It is certain enough that he was of royal extraction.

"Regiaprogenies," says an old poem written on parchment shortly after his death, and still preserved in the place of his burial. The poem adds "Alto de sanguine Mechar"— of the illustrious blood of Mechar—which, according to most writers, stands for McCarthy. And royal in race and illustrious in blood, those McCarthys certainly were. McCarthy was king of Desmond when Henry II landed here more than 300 years before, and though he agreed to pay tribute to the conqueror for his territory extending from Lismore, in Waterford, all over the county of Cork to the Brandon Hills in Kerry, his descendants continued to bear the name of king, and be the most unrelenting enemies of English rule for 400 years. But the McCarthys were illustrious in a still higher and better sense—they were the munificent supporters of religion. One was Bishop as well as king in Munster in the far back pre-Norman days, the same who built the chapel called after his name on the rock of Cashel, which stands to-day the most beautiful by far of its kind in Ireland. Nearer home to ourselves in this county, they founded monasteries for Cistercians and Augustinians, which have long since crumbled into ruin, but Timoleague and Kilcrea still stand to attest their devotion to St. Francis. The lad was educated probably in the Monastery of Kilcrea, which was founded just as he was passing into boyhood, more probably in that of Timoleague

founded nearly a century and a half before in the territory of his own McCarthys of Carbery. It was in the monastery that the young Irishman of those days received all his education. He was instructed there in every branch of human knowledge and in every manly accomplishment which became his state, but he was taught there, too, with much greater care to love God and to keep the divine law in the perilous times in which he lived, and whatever some men may think nowadays of the principle of monastic life, no one surely will deny that it is a good thing, and a beautiful thing, especially in the days when the sounds of strife roared unceasingly all along the land, that there should be homes of peace. When freed from distraction, the young Irishman was enabled to obtain that double knowledge which he required to fulfil his destiny both here and hereafter. We are not altogether without the means of judging the quality of the education which Thaddeus received and the manner in which he used his opportunities when at a memorable crisis he sought the aid of Innocent VIII. against the oppressors of his See.

The Sovereign Pontiff received him, we have been recently told by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, as a man who was illustrious not only for his dignity, but also for his learning and virtue. He could have added but little to his learning in the anxious and stirring times which

followed his entrance upon public life, and for his virtue we shall not be far astray if we trace its beginnings, and much more to the sanctuary of youth where the habits good or bad of a lifetime are mostly formed. The young man made no hasty choice of a state of life. The oak that will stand the fierce storm blast without hurt must strike its roots slowly and deeply. There have been indeed in the history of the Church great men whose characters were formed from the beginning by a creative fiat, but for the most part God has seemed to will that the work should be gradual. Our Divine Lord Himself devoted almost all the days of His Ministry to forming the Apostles. Even when the call to great holiness comes suddenly, as it came to St. Augustine and St. Ignatius, we can, or we could, if we only knew all the circumstances, trace the slow preparation for it many a year back in the labors and vigils of a not immature life. The rock may be and is the sure foundation of the house which is to stand the shock of rain and floods and winds, but then how much hewing and cutting and chiselling are required to make it ready for its purpose?

In the fulness of time Blessed Thaddeus was called to the destined work of his life. The See of Ross was vacant, or to speak accurately was supposed to be vacant, in 1482. Thaddeus was then only twenty-seven years of age. He was chosen for the dignity by the Sovereign Pontiff and

received Episcopal consecration in Rome on the feast of the Holy Cross. Was it a mere coincidence that his elevation to the Episcopate took place on such a day? He at all events found his cross that day too. A cross that was never to be removed from his shoulders until he sank beneath it in death, after he had borne it bravely without flinching for ten long years. This is not the time nor the place to trace the history of Ireland in the closing years of the fifteenth century. But it is impossible to pass it over altogether in silence if we would understand the story of the life of Blessed Thaddeus, or realize, in any degree what manner of man he was.

It was a time of fierce ambitions, and of the conflicts which such ambitions beget; a time when men fling aside, without scruple, cherished principles and imperial interests that they should, and would in other circumstances, hold most dear, to gratify an insane passion for personal or family aggrandizement. As far back as the days of St. Bernard—much further back if we are to credit certain historians—it was a blot on the fame of Irish chieftains that when the opportunity offered, they strove by every means, right and wrong, to secure the highest ecclesiastical positions for their own tribe. The Anglo-Irish, who probably needed no example, did likewise in their day. Two causes contributed powerfully to increase the evil at the same time which

I am now describing. The material and the moral forces that would have restrained both classes in their unholy work were paralyzed. The power of the English kings, which had never been exerted with anything like full force for the preservation of order in this country, had at this time dwindled to a mere shadow. Henry VII had too many enemies at home to spare soldiers for Ireland, whilst on the other hand many from whom he might have expected support here, had crossed over to England to oppose him there. The Anglo-Irish, therefore, found themselves driven to the last extremity to protect themselves against the Irish enemy, and the Irish chieftains on the other hand found themselves free to contend with each other for any prize, civil or ecclesiastical, which they coveted within their borders. What was still worse, the voice of the Church to which all Ireland and England alike belonged was often unable to make itself heard over the din of conflict; and often, too, the reports which were sent to Rome of the condition of ecclesiastical affairs in Ireland were highly colored, when they were not altogether invented by one or another of the interested parties. Thaddeus was only a short time in his diocese when he began to experience in his own person the evil consequences of factions and misrepresentations. Charges of all kinds were brought against him. So long as they affected only himself personally he cared little about them.

He knew that the servants of God have been at all times and in all ranks made the butts of evil tongues, and he knew that he was only striving to follow in the path his Master trod before him if he remained silent and forgave the calumniators. But it was far different when his right to hold his See was called in question, and as he was told, even by the Sovereign Pontiff himself, that he was not guilty of contumacious resistance to the decree directed against him at that time by the Holy See, there cannot be any longer reasonable doubt on that head. It is however, highly likely that he became aware that some action had been taken, or was being taken, against him in Rome. Such action could not be ignored. He felt that he must meet it, and if he must there was only one way open to him. Loyal devotion to the Holy See has ever been the glory of the Irish Church, and no man and no cause has ever prospered here, which conflicts with that loyalty. It is easy at the same time to be loyal as long as loyalty costs little or nothing. It is quite another thing when to be loyal means to give up one's cherished views, still more when it means to conquer pride and give up rank and dignities. Then it is not difficult, and it certainly is not impossible, to forget the voice that speaks in the sacrifice that is demanded. This was not the loyalty of Thaddeus. Now, and always to his last breath, he was loyal to the heart's core. He would go to Rome then.

INTERIOR OF CLOYNE CATHEDRAL.

CORK CATHEDRAL, CORK. CLOYNE CATHEDRAL, QUEENSTOWN.

ROSS CATHEDRAL, SKIBBEREEN.

He would kneel at the feet of Christ's Vicar on earth. If he bade him to return to his diocese he would return and meet his enemies, or rather the enemies of God and His Church, face to face, and if he cannot win them, then defy them for the worst they can do against him. But if, on the other hand, the Pope should condemn him and order him to stand aside as no longer worthy to rule the Church of God, he would recognize there too the voice of heaven. He would bow his head and only say with Him, and for Him, and through Him who suffered in the garden, "God's will be done." So to Rome he came. His case was quickly heard. The decision no one could have expected. It was given on the 21st of April, 1490. Thaddeus was declared to have been irregularly appointed to the See of Ross, but the very same day, the See of Cork and Cloyne, then united for more than sixty years, was conferred upon him.

It would be hard to describe the feelings which must have taken possession of his mind when the decision of the Holy Father was announced to him. To a lesser man, to a man who had not been trained in that most purifying of all schools, the school of Christian suffering, the first feeling would have been one of exultation over the defeat of his enemies. For nine long years they had not ceased to heap calumny upon him; but was he the ambitious seeker after honors and

the unscrupulous holder of them when they were conferred upon him, was he the wilful disturber of the Church's peace and the audacious rebel against its head whom they represented him to be? Here was the answer of the Sovereign Pontiff who had inquired into all, and who knew all, "Ascende superius"—go up higher, and if he had been irregularly appointed in the beginning—and, of course, there could be no longer any doubt that he was, whoever was to blame —he, at all events, was not. But such a moment has its joys for the holiest too—and that precisely because they are holy—which are far more enduring than any the mere sense of human triumph inspires. The highest tribunal on earth had set the seal of its approval upon his past, and, moreover, it had done so with every circumstance that could add force and point to its act. It had made the most careful inquiry. It had before it to witness the most powerful of his opponents. It had shown by its decision in reference to Ross that it was moved by no undistinguishing regard for Thaddeus. That it should, almost with the same breath, decree his elevation to a much more responsible position was the clearest proof that whatever might be thought of the circumstances of his appointment, in the first instance, to the Episcopacy, his conduct from beginning to end had never been unworthy of a Bishop in the Church of God. It was not the first time, and it was not the last, that men

weighted with many sorrows, by the perversity of the wicked, or what is more bitter still, the mistakes of the good, have turned their weary steps towards Rome, there to hear from the lips of the Vicar words which might well seem to them as the sure promise of the Master's sentence on another day—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many." Those days then must have been days of purest joy to Thaddeus, amongst the first he had known as Bishop, and also amongst the last he was to know.

He returned to Ireland and took possession of his diocese. He found everything in confusion. The whole Anglo-Irish colony—and the principal towns in Cork and Cloyne, Cork included, belonged to that colony—were seething in unrest. The threatening of years had come to pass at last. The King, Henry VII, found himself in strong hostility none the less formidable that it was for the moment veiled not only to the natives, who were then, as they had been all along, the enemies of foreign rule, but for dynastic causes to the English in Ireland. Every city except one was with his Yorkist opponents. So was every Bishop except four or five. What was worse, he found arrayed against him the great Anglo-Irish families, including the greatest of all by far, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare and Desmond. For the

moment between the death of one pretender and the arrival of another, open hostilities had ceased. It had been better for the newly-appointed Bishop if it were not so. The Fitzgeralds had more time to give to other matters; they had coveted the See of Cork for a member of the family. That they should find themselves defeated in their unholy ambition would have been under any circumstances a bitter disappointment; but that this should have been done in favor of a McCarthy was intolerable. For more than two centuries, ever since the day in 1261 when McCarthy defeated the Fitzgeralds with great slaughter outside Kenmare, there had been a standing feud between the two families. Why, too, should a mere Irishman be appointed to rule an English colony? For these reasons, and others besides, the Fitzgeralds and their followers, determined, since they could not undo what had been done and deprive Thaddeus of his See, they would make it impossible for him to govern it. They succeeded only too well. It is very sad to us at the present day to see that men who call themselves Catholics, and who no doubt in many points observed the laws of the Church, should have engaged in a project of this kind; but, after all, we have here only another illustration of the lengths to which passion and ambition may drag their victims. Nearly all the great families who were the leaders in the evil work have long since lost what apparently in their frenzy they

valued too lightly, their faith. When Thaddeus found it no longer possible to do the work which had been given him he returned to Rome to seek advice and assistance.

The Sovereign Pontiff received him, in the words of the Sacred Congregation of Rites already quoted, as a man illustrious for his dignity, his learning, and his virtues. He furnished him with letters which fortunately have come down to us. In these letters the Sovereign Pontiff strongly condemns the action of the Earl of Desmond and his abettors for their treatment of Thaddeus. They had prevented him from administering the affairs of his diocese. They had seized on his revenue and converted it to their own use; and they had done this over and over again, not only to the detriment of Thaddeus, but with danger to souls, injury to the authority of the Holy See, and the scandal of very many. The Pope warns them, one and all, to desist from their wicked course, and threatens them with the severest penalty of the Church in case of refusal. He further charges the Earl of Kildare and the chiefs of Thaddeus' own family, the McCarthys of Carbery, to protect him. These letters are dated the 15th day before the Kalends of August, that is the 18th of July, 1492. They must have been amongst the last ever written by Innocent VIII., for he died seven days later. Thaddeus turned his steps homeward, secure in the sym-

pathy and support of the Holy See, and hoping that his enemies would no longer trouble him in the discharge of his duties. He travelled slowly, taking his rest at night in one or another of the hospices which the charity of the faithful then provided in Catholic countries for the use of pilgrims. On the evening of the 23rd of October he arrived at Ivrea, a town of Piedmont, 38 miles northeast of Turin. The name of Ivrea is not unknown in general history. Lying on the high road which travellers from Italy into France were accustomed to take, it finds a place in the history of Hannibal, of Charlemagne, and of Napoleon. Even before the time of Blessed Thaddeus, it possessed a special interest for Irishmen. It was at Ivrea that St. Patrick, according to excellent authority, received Episcopal consecration, and there, too, 700 years after St. Patrick, his successor in the Primatial See of all Ireland, another Saint, Malachy, stayed on his way to Rome, and, as St. Bernard relates, performed a great miracle; and so too, Thaddeus found himself that October evening in Ivrea, which the Catholics of Cork, as well as the Catholics of Cloyne and Ross, should hold especially dear, not only because it gave him hospitality at such a time and mourned him so well in death, but also because it has never since ceased to venerate his memory and because its Bishop, its Priests, and people, worthy sons of worthy sires, have in our day largely contributed to procure for

him that place on the altars of the Church which he now enjoys and will enjoy for evermore. He knocked at the door of the Hospice and gained admittance, for no one is a stranger where "the charity of Christ presseth."

He lay down there never to rise again. The end of all his weary life had come. Happier some will say had it been amongst his own. Perhaps so, but those who know the Ireland of his day will not speak with too much confidence, and perhaps too, when his thoughts turned that night, as I suppose they must have turned, to his Church that was soon to be widowed, he might have found reason for comfort in the thought that he was not amongst his own who knew him not, and after all it was better that his troubled life in Ireland should find its end abroad in a home of unbroken peace. Before the dawn of the following morning his soul was with God. Men had humbled him, or striven hard to humble him. It was now for God, whom he loved and served so well, to glorify him. All around the bed where he lay a bright light was seen by the astonished spectators to shine. They had brought the Chief Pastor of the diocese to see. The truth was soon made known, and they and he then came to recognize in the poor pilgrim, the Bishop and the Great Servant of God. They clothed him in the vestments of his Epicopal office, and carried him to the Cathedral,

and when they had chanted over him the Church's requiem—the most beautifully touching of all songs —they laid him beneath the altar of St. Eusebius. For four centuries they and their children have venerated him, and he in turn has, in the words of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by miracles which went on daily increasing and have endured from his death to the present day, given solid ground for that worship. There is no need to tell, for it is still fresh in our own memory, how he has come at last to find in his own land, and in his own diocese, the people's reverence. To-day with the ceremonial worthy this great Catholic city, his Relics have been deposited in the Mother Church of the diocese which was once his own. It will henceforth be your privilege and the privilege of your children, and your children's children, to come here and pray before these Relics. May you, may they, find here, through his intercession, every grace—peace with God and man, and holy perseverance. May you and they, by Christian lives, do honor to this great Prelate, who, living, spoke to your fathers the word of God. May you and they, whilst honoring him, remember too his noble patience in suffering, and his fearless fight unto death for the freedom of the Church of God in Ireland.

VERY REV. DR. KEANE, O. P., ST. MARY'S PRIORY, CORK.

CHAPTER VI.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REV. DR. KEANE.

At the evening devotions the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P., ascended the pulpit and preached the evening sermon. He took for his text—

"My enemies have spoken evils against me: when shall he die and his name perish? * * * All my enemies whispered together against me. * * * But Thou, O Lord, have mercy on me, and raise me up again. * * * By this I know that Thou hast a good will for me; because my enemy shall not rejoice over me. But Thou hast upheld me by reason of my innocence: and hast established me in Thy sight forever."—Psalm xl.

My Lords, Very Reverend Brethren, Dearest Faithful in Christ: This is a great day for Ireland. Despite her long, dark thrall, oft has a wave of sunshine passed over her, and resounding Hosannas expressed the nation's feeling. Stately processions have trod our streets—now for proud escort of popular hero—now for picturesque display of municipal splendor; at one time for impressive accompaniment of the demand for national right, at another for outpouring of Faith and religious feeling. But we, who marched in this morning's sun—you who lined the way; all

that gazed from hill, and casement, and house-top at the long stream of clergy that flowed between the living banks of our parochial societies, enjoyed an experience not given to Irishmen for nigh 700 years. In that long flow of time grace has, indeed, come in plenteous bestowal on many a soul of our race in this Christian land, and fructified unto eminent sanctification. As we tread the land that bore us, walk her vales, climb her hills, and wander through her forests green, there lie beneath our feet the mortal remains that once enshrined spirits of exalted saintliness. But not since the year 1226, when Pope Honorius III. proclaimed the celestial glory of Laurence O'Toole, the great Archbishop of Dublin, has it been given to Ireland to see borne through the streets with full circumstance of religious homage the bones of a beatified son of her bosom. Verily "many kings and prophets have desired to see what we see and they have not seen." Our fathers, their fathers, our faithful ancestors, yearned for the gladsome pride that is ours to-day—to see a son of our old land crowned with the diadem of the Church's immortality—to be authorized to come into the house of God and lift heavenward eye and heart and voice, and in public worship supplicate one of the heroes of the ethereal kingdom and call him by an Irish name. A great day truly for our motherland—praised be the Lord who has given us to share its festive joy!

Very Rev. Dr. Keane.

Dearest brethren, what shall I speak to you of him in whose honor we are assembled? I hold in my hand a picture of the Blessed one. As I gaze upon it, noting it in full detail, mind and heart, or, had I better say, fancy, discerns in it more than eye of body can see. This holy man stands dressed in pilgrim garb. He grasps in his hand and leans upon a pilgrim's staff. He is at the door-step of a plain massive building. That building is a Hospice, where simple meal and night's rest were given to the houseless poor. His pose is as of one who has knocked at its portals and now entreats admission within its walls. He seems to say: "See my wearied condition, pity me, shelter me." Behind the saint, not seen by him, there is an angel—an angel bright and fair indeed; one whom your innocent children would call "a sweet little angel"—a being of everlasting youth. The heavenly spirit holds in his right hand a mitre, in his left hand a pastoral staff, the Episcopal crozier. He seems to follow after the servant of God, on whom he looks with graceful admiration. Above the angel there comes streaming down from the sky a flood of golden rays, which direct themselves towards the holy pilgrim. My dearly beloved, that picture speaks—it tells a tale and points a moral. The blessed one's person, lowly and poor; the pilgrim's rough tunic, his robe; the pilgrim's staff and wallet, his whole possession; the view

presented to his gaze, the humble shelter for poor wanderers. Thus he himself, his actual experience, his immediate prospect, all lowliness and poverty. On the other hand, behind him, hidden from the eyes, held in angel hands are the jewelled mitre and gilded crozier, emblems of honor and power, while from the sky above comes the resplendent intimation of his acceptibility before God, and the promise of unending glory to come. Humiliation and hardship, his actual present; ennoblement and bliss, the eternal future; sowing in tears to reap in joy.

Our sacred hero's lot was cast in rough and evil times. Evil times are almost all times, for the primal disarrangement of the Divine plan by human sin made the world an evil place. But evil time and rough was that in which the brief life of Blessed Thaddeus was passed. The passion, which in all the ages has led men to offend God for sake of gain, in those days prompted to almost incessant conflict of man with man. The ploughshare was exchanged for the sword. Yearning to wrest from one another the much-prized worldly possessions, men thought of war, spoke of war, dreamed of war, lived in war. New elements of division, interests and feelings, introduced into our island by the partial occupation of the English invader, served, along with ancient tribal differences, to establish strong lines of demarkation, and set up a

multitude of contending parties. Warmth of hostile feeling maintaining contentions among families and septs could scarce fail to exercise influence on ecclesiastical concerns. Prince and chieftains eager for domination sought to have members of their clans appointed to Episcopal Sees within their respective domains. Noble and wealthy looked with jealous eye at the elevation to Episcopal dignity of the scion of rival Celtic houses, while Celtic tribes beheld with indignation the filling of a vacant See by one of Norman name and blood. Nor were those feelings kept in the heart. Strong and loud protestation was uttered, angry retorts made, and in an age when an eloquent tongue, as a means of urging a claim or assailing an enemy was held in small esteem, the inflamed heart quickly prompted men to unsheath the sword and rush to fiery combat. Over much of the district extending west and northward of Cork city the historic sept of the McCarthys had long held royal sway, and against that ancient princely house were Norman hatred and jealousy mainly exercised. A McCarthy stood forth in place of signal honor amongst all the nobility of the land. High in Church and State from the earliest times, it is the proudest boast of a McCarthy that the nobles of this great empire whose heraldic glory is most impressive, are but of yesterday when compared to his ancient kingly stock.

It was, therefore, with eyes of wrathful jealousy the fierce clans of Munster beheld the appointment to the Bishopric of Ross, in the year 1482, of young Thaddeus, in whose veins the blood of the royal McCarthys flowed. Only twenty-seven summer suns had shone upon that noble Ecclesiastic, but signal virtue and eminent philosophical and theological science had won the approval of the Church authority, and prompted the unusual action of consigning to one so young the grave pastoral charge. He was consecrated in the Eternal City on the 3rd day of May. It was the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross. Providence mayhap ordained that the day should intimate to the thoughtful young Prelate promise of tribulation in the career which then opened before him. Straightway he found himself involved in a sea of trouble. On his return to Ireland there stood before him a rival claimant to the See of Ross. His predecessor had an assistant bishop. The assistant, desirous of cloister life, resigned his position, but judging at a later date that religious life was not his destined lot, he resumed his place as auxiliary administrator of the diocese. The factious spirit in the breasts of the tribal chiefs eagerly seized on the occasion for harassing, and, if possible, getting rid of a Prelate belonging to the hated McCarthy sept. It is recorded that the then Earl of Desmond had on his solemn oath declared that a

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McCarthy should never grasp the crozier of a Munster diocese. The machinery of intrigue was put in motion. Falsehood—ever familiar instrument in the hands of unscrupulous envy—was planned, formulated, and despatched to Rome. Slanderous accusations against the holy Prelate were spoken in the ears of the Supreme Head of the Church. The difficulty of communication between Rome and distant countries in that age rendered it no easy task for the rulers of the Church to discriminate between truth and error, or for a man traduced by evil tongues to correct the malevolent misrepresentations. Envious lying triumphed for a space over the just man; he was censured by the Sovereign Pontiff. Immediately he went to Rome to plead for right in his own person before the Chief Pastor. After lengthened inquiry had been made, authoritative announcement came to the ears of Thaddeus that the Sovereign Ecclesiastical Power had appointed him to the more important—indeed, the most important position in a sense, in the Irish Church at that period—the diocese of united Cork and Cloyne. Rome's definite pronouncement terminated the dispute.

Oh, dearest brethren, what precious blessing to live under supreme sacred authority! How good for us that we are not as "sheep without a shepherd," but have set over us by power divine, a ruler

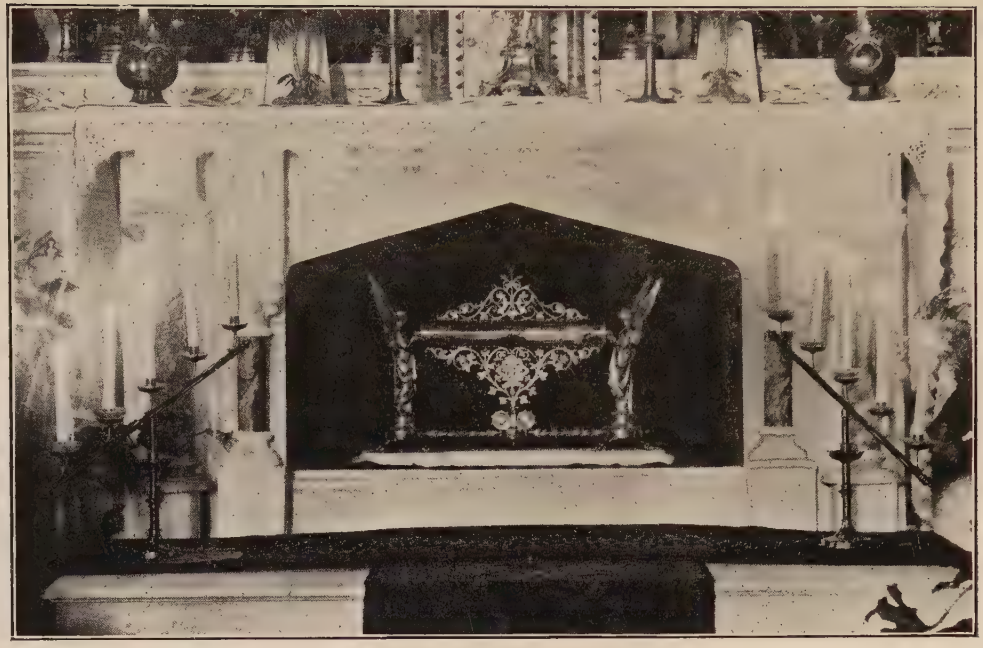
unto whom all must render submission. Be the multitude of the Church's members never so vast, one there is at whose binding, God the Almighty binds, and at whose loosing, the Almighty looses. One, the divinely established firmness of whose authority is our safeguard against the weakness and inconstancy of our wills, and the dissensions our contending passions would entail. One superb Master of all Christendom, raised so high above all human judgment, human interest, human authority, and placed so near the very God whose Vicar he is, that unto him are given the very thunders of Heaven to hurl upon the wayward one that shall dare gainsay his supreme decision. Ah, what woe—humiliating woe—is the condition of them that are without the fold, and yet make the blind profession that they are of the Christian Communion. Communion of belief—they have not. Communion of subordination to one authority, they have not. It was said to them of old by the Master, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," and that design of the Christian religion we Catholics alone do realize.

Back to Ireland came Thaddeus to take possession of his new charge. Ere long it was made clear to him that he had also to bear the burden of new troubles. Considerable wealth was attached to his exalted position. Generations of pious Catholics had created large endowments for the united diocese.

For rapacious and militant, combat-loving, combative Norman chiefs, there was strong temptation to political jealousy and avarice in the acquisition of ample possessions by one of the old Irish septs. The famed Geraldines, yearning for lordly sway throughout Munster, abetted by chiefs whose name and blood are to this day found over the main portion of this extensive country, seized the ecclesiastical lands. As the working of the law of spiritual gravitation ordinarily provides, wrong begat wrong. Early venture in sin led to a course of sin. The usurpers having seized the Church lands brought so far their factious impiety as to close the doors of his Cathedral Church against the lawful pastor. It was might opposing right. It meant sorrow for the young Bishop. At the uplifting of his finger a thousand Muskerry swords would have flashed through all Muskerry's plains in his defence, but arm of flesh he would not employ against the wicked ones. He bowed before the storm in meek endurance of the personal irreverence. But as Bishop he was the sworn custodian of ecclesiastical rights—he had been set up as sentinel to watch the safety of the Church's goods and the assertion of pastoral authority. While therefore "fulfilling justice" in the meekness that bore the personal affront he would fulfil all justice by vindicating in an orderly manner the Church's outraged claims. Down that river once again he sailed; he went forth once more from the

beautiful harbor and southward travelled to speak his plaint and demand vindication of the Church's Supreme Head. At the feet of Pope Innocent VIII. he knelt. The aged Pontiff laid his trembling hands on the youthful Bishop's head, and imparted the benediction, which, like Jehova's mandate to Moses in days of old, has emboldened many a harassed one to encounter every threatening peril and stand for God and right against ten thousand foes. Into his hands Pope Innocent gave a brief on the 7th day of July, 1492, which condemned the wicked usurpers and menaced the Church's rigorous penalties if they surrendered not the sacred property they had seized. To the then Lord Deputy of Ireland the Holy Father wrote calling upon his aid on behalf of the ill-treated Prelate. At the same time the venerable Pontiff did signal honor to the several chiefs of the Clan McCarthy by appointing them formally and by name, protectors of their holy kinsman. He rose from his place at the Pontiff's feet. Into the venerable face he looked, as did we all to whom it was given to gaze upon the Vicar of Jesus Christ, with streaming tears of blended love and awe, and he bade dutiful farewell.

He then donned the pilgrim's garb, came forth from the gate of the Eternal City, and turned his steps towards home. The wide Campagna he traversed, and ere long found himself in fairest, favored Umbria. Oh, how his saintly instinct must have taught him to



SHRINE OF BLESSED THADDEUS, IN CATHEDRAL OF CORK.

relish the balmy air of thrice blessed Umbria. Thrice blessed did I say? A thousand times blessed, for is it not Umbria upon whose soft plains and stately hills the Most High did so pour down His blessing that more saints have sprung from her than from any region in all the wide world. And, dearest brethren, may I say to you—may I at least think it and speak my thought or fancy? Methinks as the youthful Prince, Bishop, Saint, from this old land of ours walked those vales teeming with memories of God's glorious servants, they, though enthroned in heaven, kept watch upon him, and noted with loving interest his way, and his cause, and his strange story. When he had issued from the Roman Campagna and drew nigh to Viterbo, it were meet to think that Rose, the glorious saint of the old city, looking down from high heaven upon her natal place—she who in her brief mortal life loved to pray heaven's interposition for the Church's tranquility—it were meet to think that she looked upon the persecuted Prelate and wished him thenceforth victorious peace. I wonder did he move somewhat eastward from the direct route. Surely yes, for scarce could such as he resist the magnetic power which draws all fervid Christians who traverse Italy to gaze upon and mount the fair hill from whose side Assisi smiles upon the plain beneath. I behold with mind's eye Francis, the Seraph, looking with admiring interest on the Irish pilgrim Prelate, and bespeaking

gifts from on high upon the man to whom his sons here in Cork were to pay dutiful homage. Farther north he came upon an Umbrian city, dear to me beyond all spots the sun and moon shine upon—the city that gave to earth, gave to the Church, gave to heaven one of the fairest adornments of God's mystic kingdom, and gave to the Dominican Order one of its proudest glories, Sienna—Sienna, admirable to the aesthetic appreciation of the lovers of art, delightful to the Christian soul. Dearly beloved, something leads me to think that Catherine, already more than a hundred years enthroned in heaven, but fond of hovering above her beautiful town, may have seen the servant of God pass by, and noted that he came from Rome—from the Pope—with the sign upon him of Peter's approval, to sustain him in conflict for the Church's weal. And, oh, how did not she in whose sublime heart love of the Church's rights was as red hot passion—how did she not beam ethereal smiles on the young Ecclesiastic from this Emerald Isle who bore upon his person the document that was to tell each loyal man and woman in this city (Cork) that he was to be recognized as the true ruler of the Church of God in these parts?

Onward he came beneath the shadow of the Appenine range. Long was the way; difficult was journeying then; weary he was and foot-sore. At length he beheld before him the mighty

Alps. It will be arduous toil and painful, he must have thought, to climb their vast sides and pass their lofty peaks. His limbs are heavy with fatigue, his frame enfeebled; he drags his weary way. Pitiless rains have beat upon him; the sun's burning rays have played upon him; blinding dust has swept past him. We may conjecture that gnawing hunger came with other experiences to make up the cross he bore in holy patience, and this in a strange land, yet not strange, for to the servant of God all the earth is home —Our Father's house. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." This pious assurance was in Thaddeus' mind, as weary and pained he pursued his toilsome way. The grass plains he trod, the Great Creator had spread out; in the long-reaching vineyards each savory fruit was his gracious formation; the mighty Alps that frowned upon him, rearing high in air their giant peaks—their deep foundations God had laid, their massive sides built up, and to the saintly eye of the pilgrim they must not have seemed mere senseless things, but lordly sentinels keeping watch over the Great Master's wide domain. And when at noon the resplendent sun shed from his fiery bosom wealth of gladdening light and heat, or in the soundless midnight he looked upon the gentle moon as she traced her silver path across the sky, did he not remember that each recurring day in the divine office he was wont to call upon these heavenly luminaries

to magnify the Most High whose handiwork and obedient servants they were—"Ye sun and moon bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him forever." So did all external things enter into his holy thought, and preach to him God's gracious power and love as he drew nigh to a city invested with historic interest, even before the Christian era, but now destined to be till the trumpet of doom shall sound, associated with the revealed story of this servant of God.

Not Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy has created the interest for Catholics in that Piedmontese town—Ivrea; greater than he had long before trod its streets. In 431 a man who had been on Irish soil, not indeed walking the noble halls of the proud castles of McCarthy's princely house, but feeding swine on Antrim's hills, Patrick, the man of gladsome destiny for the Irish race, while wending his way to Rome to receive authorization to preach Christianity in Ireland, made Ivrea his resting place. It is told by some historians that it was there he received Episcopal consecration. Did Thaddeus entering its streets become sensible of some mysterious suggestion that it was the place for an Irish Bishop to rest his weary limbs? In Ivrea he did take his rest. He sought the asylum for needy travellers; he begged and received admission, and when he cast himself exhausted on the simple couch in that place of Christian shelter, his journeying came

to an end. The sun went down upon him calmly sleeping after his lengthened pilgrimage. The lights went out—the solemn peace of night came and brooded over the place. God sent His herald angel to bring His faithful one's trials to an end, and bear him to his heavenly home. Alone was he when the visitation of death came. No physician to prescribe relief, no gentle nurse to soften hard experience, to minister the relieving draught; no faithful friend to sustain him. There may have been things no human historian has recorded. Golden-winged nurses, perhaps, were round about him, sent down from heaven to minister to his enfeebled body, and then escort his soul to the eternal rest. Patrick, Fachnan, Colman, Finbarr—the Master may have allowed them to come down from the sky that night to cheer and bless their faithful successor. Morning came—the prescribed round of inspection was made by those whose part it was; they found the lowly stranger in the calm sleep of death. But wherefore the loud cry of alarm from them? Dead they perceived him—lowly of state as when he had begged charitable shelter the previous night, but brilliant light encompassed him, and a glory not of earth was round about him; the bed whereon he lay seemed enveloped in flames.

The cry of alarm brought the curator of the Hospice and all the attendants. Message was sent in haste to the Bishop of Ivrea announc-

ing to him the startling fact. He who bore the strange tale found the Bishop filled already with sensational interest produced by a dream of the night that had passed. In sleep there had flashed into his sight a saintly form clad in Episcopal robes. Having shone before him for a brief space the mysterious form uprose from the earth and sailed through shining clouds to heaven's gate. While exercised in mind over this prodigy the Prelate was summoned to the Hospice to see the wonder that was there. He saw the dead man illuminated by the supernatural light. They told the Bishop of his coming the previous eve poorly clad and carrying naught save his simple staff and pilgrim's wallet. The pilgrim's wallet they opened, when, lo! they found a pectoral cross, an Episcopal ring, the Papal Bull which told of his appointment to the bishopric of Cork and Cloyne, and the sentence of condemnation issued against those who had usurped the temporalities of his See. A sense of awe came upon those assembled. Down upon their knees they fell, while the Bishop approached and looked upon the face of the dead. It was the face that had gleamed resplendent upon him in the vision of the night, and then he knew he looked upon one of the saints of God. With reverent care they robed the body in Episcopal dress. The Chapter of the diocese

was summoned. It was resolved to call the citizens that they might see the wondrous sight; but no need to do it. With no man's hand to swing them, out pealed the Cathedral bells. In thousands flocked the people, and a long procession escorted the remains of the illustrious dead to the stately temple. From all the surrounding country and from the sloping sides of the Alps, came in vast multitudes the faithful people, and with loud acclaim they praised the Lord in His hidden saint. The Cross, gloom and pain while he lived; triumph on earth and in heaven after death. Triumph on earth— dearest brethren, who that saw in Ivrea on that October evening in the year of 1492 a poor, wearied, footsore man knock at the hospitable door and beg a night's housing, would have dreamed that after more than four hundred years had rolled by, those antique streets spanned by floral arches should fill with countless throng, that festal adornment should grace all public buildings, that immense waves of music should swell towards heaven to give expression to the jubilant piety of Prelates from many lands and vast multitudes of the people, that its Cathedral Church should be draped in every beauteous color, and aflame with ten thousand lights, should be the scene of a grand, awe-inspiring celebration, all to honor

the humble pilgrim whom the Church's majestic authority had uplifted to the immortal glory of her beatified heroes? He had sown in tears—he reaps in joy. His enemies had spoken evil against him, but Thou, O Lord, didst have mercy upon him, and Thou didst raise him up again. Thou didst uphold him by reason of his innocence, and Thou hast established him in thy sight for ever.

Dearly beloved, it is well that, with sacred theory taught us in the Divine Word, we should have impressive illustration of the same in the history of God's brave servants. Momentary and light is our tribulation. Weighty and eternal the glory that accrues. The clouds shall pass and soon; the wounds shall be healed; the burden be uplifted; the prison door flung open; our temporal bondage shall be changed into "the liberty of the glory of the children of God." Joy that they taste apart from the service of God is transient as the morning vapor; possessions of earth's dross shall come to naught; triumphant power, material aggrandizement, shall cease. But the good of God's grace, the glory of the Divine friendship, the peace of a sinless heart—no incident of human life avails to affect them; they are enshrined in the soul, valiant angels keep guard around them, and they endure forever. I think of the great Flavian

Amphitheatre of Pagan Rome. Gone are the piled up thousands who thronged its mighty galleries; silent the echoes of their thundering plaudits. Caesar, who in imperial splendor sat high in state upon his burnished throne, is dead—the gilding of his coronet faded, his power and glory forever lost. But the slave whom they set in the arena for furious beasts to feed upon, who, with the sign of the Cross upon him, went down before the onslaught of the hungry monsters —he lives. Lives—aye reigns, "and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Reigns even on earth—the scattered bones which the palpitating lion and tiger crunched on the sands of the Colosseum are now in caskets fair enshrined, and on festal days, that shall recur to the day of doom, are borne high in air through the vaulted aisles of gorgeous fanes and the decorated streets of earth's proudest cities. It was so with God's servants made victims of Rome's anti-Christian hate; it was so with our new patron, Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy; it is decreed to be so with us if we endure for the Lord's sake the trials that are—bear unflinching, the burden of the law, adhere to right at all cost, and, in life and death, be true to God.

The great and glorious day was closed by a most solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which that magnificent hymn of prayer and praise and triumph, the Te Deum—the sacred outpouring of the hearts of two great Bishops (St. Ambrose and St. Augustine)—rose up from a thousand voices in the deep, rich Gregorian Chant. How expressive of the love and homage and thanksgiving of the glowing Celtic hearts of the faithful, now overflowing with joy and gratitude at the Honors of the Altar so munificently conferred on Erin's Pilgrim Bishop.

"We praise Thee, O God,
We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
Day by day we magnify Thee.
And we praise Thy name forever:
Yea, forever and ever."

MOST REV. DR. KELLY, LORD BISHOP OF ROSS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRIUMPH OF YESTERDAY—THE GLORY OF TO-DAY.

Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day; and the same forever.—Hebrews xiii, 8.

THE triumph of yesterday is the glory of to-day. The magnificent religious celebration just described brings to mind not only the glorious days "when Malachy wore the collar of gold," but the still more glorious days when the great Apostle, St. Patrick, with a heart overflowing with rapture, viewed that land of his adoption. Behold his entry into that favored Island! How joyously was he welcomed, and with what delight was the Gospel he preached received by the ardent listeners! Never before was such a sight witnessed. Never were such triumphal honors conferred on a missionary. The whole nation listened spell-bound to his simple but divine words, and cheerfully drank in the truths of salvation that flowed from his lips. Everywhere, the crown of victory was awarded him. At once the temples of the idols were changed into sanctuaries of the true God, and paganism was banished for ever. No longer were

the forests to conceal the dark mysteries of Druidism; no longer was idolatry to cast its sable mantle over the land. The island was regenerated; and immediately Churches and Monasteries and Universities sprang into existence, and Erin became the most noted sanctuary of religion and learning. Students flocked to its shores from all parts of Europe. The one true religion reigned supreme never to be dethroned.

The storms of persecution, and the tempests of tyranny and injustice have raged in vain. Even the blight and famine have not dimmed the lustre of this glorious reign.

The religious enthusiasm manifested on the occasion of the Translation of the Sacred Relics bears ample evidence to the undiminished fervor of Erin's Faith. And the illustrious Episcopacy founded by the great Apostle, St. Patrick, over fifteen hundred years ago, shines to-day in refulgent splendor, as has been witnessed in the two solemn celebrations in honor of Blessed Thaddeus at Ivrea and Cork.

The following remarkable coincidence of the sublime unity of the Catholic Church occurred in connection with the events herein described:

On September 12th, 1897, Ireland and England were both occupied in the same joyful demonstrations —each honoring a respective saintly Bishop. In

Ireland he who was honored was one of the holiest members of the glorious Episcopacy founded by St. Patrick. In England the Bishop whose fame and labors were commemorated was St. Augustine—the occasion being the Thirteenth Centenary of his having introduced Catholicity into that country. In the occurrence at the same time of the ceremonies at Cork, Ireland, and Ebbsfleet, England, we have a striking illustration of the spiritual unity of the Church. In both places the object was the same—the expression of the veneration of the faithful for the Saints of God. In both instances there was a connecting link with Rome, the soul and centre of Christian unity. Thus showing: "One God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all."—Eph. iv, 6.

We cannot close this short sketch without a congratulatory word to all who bear the honored name of Erin's Pilgrim Bishop.

The name of McCarthy has ever held a prominent place in the lists of the septs famed in Celtic history. For devotedness to religion, and loyalty to country, the McCarthys have always been renowned. They have now the unspeakable happiness of seeing their name inscribed in the Liturgy of the Church, and the glorious crown of Beatification conferred upon a

saintly Prelate of their own sept. Whilst this honor will most certainly impel each one of them to exclaim: "Whence is this to me?" and "Not to us, O Lord, not to us; but to Thy name give glory;" yet, it must be a powerful incentive to keep up, and rather increase than diminish, the sacred lustre of their now hallowed name. A recent writer in commenting on the lives of the saints as models has aptly remarked: "The spiritual benefit derived from the study of the saints depends upon the applicability of their example to our own case—and this again on the resemblance we see between their nature and circumstances and our own. It is this that spurs men to emulate their betters in the various walks of life."

We are not all so circumstanced as Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, and we shall probably never be called upon to drink so bitter a chalice of calumny and to suffer so cruel a "persecution for justice's sake." But we can—all of us—take to heart, and to practice, his admirable piety, his devotedness to Mother Church and her Visible Head; and in the lesser wrongs to which we are all of us subject sometime in life, we can call his example and intercession to our aid. Above all we should make it our life endeavor—we who claim Erin as our own—to emulate our Pilgrim Bishop's heroic fidelity to conscience and duty—and

thus be the living exemplification of the glorious maxim emblazoned on our banner: "Semper ubique fidelis!" "Always and everywhere faithful."

O, we who loudly, proudly boast,
Hibernian race and name,
And nobly, grandly still avow
Hibernian Faith our fame,
Must ne'er forget the precious charge,
Confided to our care—
To keep and hold the sacred trust—
By great St. Patrick's prayer.

Remember we're a mighty band,
With purpose grand and high,
United by the firmest cords,
That Faith and Love can tie.

We'll hold our trust with fealty,
That neither flags nor faints;
And prove ourselves the worthy sons,
Of Erin—"Isle of Saints!"

"You are a chosen generation, a holy nation, a purchased people."—I Peter, II, 9.

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Sisters of Providence.
AUTHOR
Erin's Pilgrim Bishop, Blessed
TITLE Thaddeus McCarthy.